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Rehearsal Script

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TX'88

"DOCTOR WHO" 7L

"THE HAPPINESS PATROL"

by

Graeme Curry

EPISODE TWO

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"DOCTOR WHO" 7L - 'THE HAPPINESS PATROL' - EPISODE TWO

CAST:

THE DOCTOR
ACE
EARL
KANDY MAN
GILBERT M.
HELEN A.
DAISY K.
SUSAN Q.
PRISCILLA P.
TREVOR SIGMA
STAN S.
SID S.
JOSEPH C.
ERNEST P.

NON SPEAKING:

HAPPINESS PATROL GUARDS
DRONES
AUDIENCE AT FORUM

HEARD, NOT SEEN:

PIPE PEOPLE

* * * * *

SETS:

Kandy Kitchen
Pipes
Helen A's Suite
Arcadia
Happiness Patrol HQ
Execution Yard
Forum Square
Street/Bluesy Street/Street with Fire Escape
Second Street/Street next to Forum/Street outside Kandy Kitchen

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"DOCTOR WHO" 7L

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EPISODE TWO

(REPRISE CLIFFHANGER)

1. INT. KANDY KITCHENS.

(THE KANDY MAN
CLOSING IN
ON THE DOCTOR
AND EARL.

GILBERT M. INSPECTS
A POT ON ONE OF THE
STOVES)

GILBERT M: It's boiling over, Kandy
Man.

KANDY MAN: Not now, Gilbert M.

GILBERT M: But the pan's boiling over.

THE DOCTOR: Ruins the flavour.

KANDY MAN: (TO GILBERT M.) It's
not my pan. It's one of your pans.

(THE DOCTOR IS
MOVING TOWARDS
THE MANHOLE COVER
IN THE FLOOR.

HE GESTURES FOR
EARL TO FOLLOW)

GILBERT M: It's one of your special
non-stick pans.

(THE DOCTOR SLIPS
INTO THE MANHOLE)

KANDY MAN: Can't you see I'm busy?

GILBERT M: It's sticking.

(THE DOCTOR DISAPPEARS)

2. INT. PIPES.

(THE DOCTOR DROPPING
DOWN FROM THE
KANDY KITCHENS)

THE DOCTOR: What charming people,
eh, Earl. Earl?

(EARL HASN'T
FOLLOWED.)

THE DOCTOR IS
ALONE)

3. INT: KANDY KITCHEN.

(THE KANDY MAN,
STRAPPING EARL
INTO ONE OF
A PAIR OF
DENTIST-STYLE
CHAIRS.

THE DOCTOR PQPS
UP FROM THE MANHOLE.
THE KANDY MAN
SEES HIM)

KANDY MAN: You've come back to the
scene of my crimes.

THE DOCTOR: I've come back for my
friend.

KANDY MAN: It's very simple. Your
friend is going to die. Feel free
to join him.

4. INT. HELEN A'S SUITE.

(HELEN A. IS
SEATED, FIFI, IS
ON HER LAP.

HELEN A. STROKES
FIFI AS SHE
INTERROGATES ACE,
STANDING BEFORE
HER)

HELEN A: But we were so looking forward
to your performance, weren't we, Fifi?

ACE: I didn't feel like it.

HELEN A: You didn't feel like
auditioning for the Happiness Patrol?
You didn't feel like dancing?

ACE: I hate dancing.

HELEN A: Well, Fifi, what are we
going to do about Ace Sigma?

(FIFI SNARLS
AND GROWLS
HELD TIGHT BY
HELEN A.

SHE SNAPS AND
TRIES TO LUNGE
FREE TO ATTACK
ACE)

You mustn't worry about Fifi. She's
only being friendly.

(HELEN A. CONTINUES
STROKING FIFI)

Aren't you, my darling? (TO ACE)
You're from one of the other planets,
aren't you, Ace Sigma?

ACE: I'm from Earth.

(HELEN A.
IGNORES THIS.
FIFI GROWLS)

HELEN A: You're from Omega or Beta, your mission to spread discontent and dissension. Well, it won't work, Ace Sigma. My people are happy. They don't know the meaning of misery or despair and as long as I'm in charge, I'll make sure they never do.

(THERE IS A KNOCK
ON THE DOOR)

Happiness will prevail. Come in if you're happy.

(SUSAN Q. IS
BROUGHT IN BY
DAISY K.)

Excellent. Where did you find her?

DAISY K: She was hiding in a doorway at the forum.

HELEN A: (TO SUSAN Q) You were hiding. So you were unhappy about something?

SUSAN Q: No.

HELEN A: You were unhappy that Ace Sigma had been caught.

SUSAN Q: No.

HELEN A: You helped her to escape.

SUSAN Q: No!

(SUSAN Q. COLLAPSES)

ACE: Why don't you leave her alone,
Face-ache?

HELEN A: Take Ace Sigma away,
Daisy K.

(DAISY K. GRABS
ACE)

DAISY K: To death row?

HELEN A: Not yet. I haven't
finished with her. But for the
moment I'm more interested in this
miserable creature.

SUSAN Q: I'm not miserable!

HELEN A: I think she's worked out
that while she's still happy she's
not breaking any laws. But there's
a simple solution to that, isn't
there, Daisy K?

DAISY K: Very simple.

HELEN A: We make her unhappy.

(FIFI GROWLS)

5. INT. THE KANDY KITCHEN.

(THE DOCTOR AND
EARL ARE STRAPPED
INTO CHAIRS. GILBERT M.
SUPERVISED BY THE
KANDY MAN, IS
MEASURING A LIQUID
SUBSTANCE INTO
TEST TUBES)

KANDY MAN: Twenty-five millilitres
of Caramel Extract and fifteen
millilitres of the new formula
Vanilla Essence.

EARL: What's going on, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: I think the chef is
trying out a new dish.

KANDY MAN: Comfortable, gentlemen?

THE DOCTOR: We've been here half an
hour and we're still waiting for
the hors d'oeuvre.

KANDY MAN: Believe me, Doctor, it's
worth waiting for.

(GILBERT M. BRINGS
HIM TWO TEST TUBES)

Temperature?

GILBERT M: Fifty-eight degrees.

KANDY MAN: Thank you, Gilbert. (cont..)

KANDY MAN: (cont) This is where you come in, gentlemen. The interesting part. The tasting.

THE DOCTOR: May we ask what it is?

KANDY MAN: A labour of love, Doctor, a labour of love.

THE DOCTOR: I didn't know you were the caring type.

KANDY MAN: Just because Helen A prefers my ugly side, that doesn't mean I don't care. Does it, Gilbert M.

(GILBERT M. IS
BUSY)

(SUDDENLY FURIOUS) Gilbert M!

GILBERT M: No, no, of course not.

KANDY MAN: (CALM AGAIN) Thank you. And just because she employs me as her executioner doesn't mean I can't be creative.

EARL: Executioner?

KANDY MAN: No need to worry. Today you see before you the artistic, sensitive side of me. You see, I make sweets. But not just any old sweets. Sweets that are so good, so delicious that sometimes, if I am on form, the human physiology is not equipped to bear the pleasure. Tell them what I'm trying to say, Gilbert M.

GILBERT M: He makes sweets that kill people.

KANDY MAN: I think we'll start with the trumpeter.

6. EXT. BLUESY STREET. DAY.

(THE STREET IS
DESERTED. THERE
IS A DISTANT RHYTHMICAL
DRUMMING. WENCES,
A SMALL INTELLIGENT
RODENT-LIKE CREATURE,
POKES HIS HEAD UP
THROUGH A MANHOLE
AND SURVEYS THE
STREET. THE
DEMONSTRATION
COMES ROUND THE
CORNER. THE DRONES
ARE ALL DRESSED IN
BLACK SUITS AND MOVE
VERY SLOWLY, TO
THE SLOW DRUMBEAT,
REMINISCENT OF A
NEW ORLEANS FUNERAL.

TWO AT THE FRONT
CARRY A BANNER:
"FACTORY CONDITIONS
ARE A JOKE". WENCES
DISAPPEAR INTO THE
MANHOLE. ACE IS
FROGMARCHED INTO
THE STREET BY DAISY K.
AND ANOTHER HAPPINESS
PATROL GUARD. THEY
SEE THE DEMONSTRATION
AND STOP NEXT TO
WENCES' MANHOLE)

ACE: (HAPPILY) Evil! What's going
on here?

(WENCES, CURIOUS
POKES HIS HEAD
UP THROUGH THE
MANHOLE. THE OTHERS
DO NOT SEE HIM)

DAISY K: It's of no consequence.

ACE: I'd say they were upset about something.

DAISY K: They're fools. They think they can achieve something with their march.

ACE: A demonstration! Wicked!

(WENCES IS DELIGHTED
WITH ACE'S REACTION)

DAISY K: All they will achieve is their extinction.

ACE: So Helen A doesn't allow demos. I could have guessed as much.

DAISY K: Of course she allows demos. But these are killjoys. And worse than that, they're drones.

ACE: Drones?

DAISY K: Workers from the flatlands. It is forbidden for them to visit the city. And that's why they won't leave it alive.

ACE: You're scared of them, aren't you?

DAISY K: They will be dealt with in good time.

ACE: (SHOUTING TO THE DRONES) Up the killjoys! The drones united will never be defeated!

DAISY K: Silence!

(SHE CUFFS ACE)

ACE: Gordon Bennett!

(A GAG IS STUFFED
INTO ACE'S MOUTH.
SHE IS MARCHED
AWAY. WENCES,
WHO HAS SEEN
ALL THIS, SLIPS
DOWN A MANHOLE)

7. INT. THE KANDY KITCHEN.

(EARL IS NOW
SLUMPED IN HIS
CHAIR WITH A
BEATIFIC GRIN ON
HIS FACE.

GILBERT M.
HAS LEFT)

THE DOCTOR: He looks as if he enjoyed
it.

KANDY MAN: I'd be very angry if he
hadn't.

THE DOCTOR: But he's still very much
alive.

KANDY MAN: You win some, you lose
some.

THE DOCTOR: What will you do with
him?

KANDY MAN: I'll keep trying. Practice
makes perfect. Now, let's see
what we've got for you.

THE DOCTOR: Just before we start,
I wonder if I could ask you about
something which has been worrying
me. It's the executions.

KANDY MAN: What about them?

THE DOCTOR: It's just that out there
nobody seems to know what method
you use. I was intrigued.

KANDY MAN: I didn't realise that you were concealing an interest in the mechanics of execution, Doctor. A man after my own soft centre.

THE DOCTOR: Just curious.

KANDY MAN: Do you think we should grant him a last wish, Gilbert?

GILBERT M: Whatever you think, Kandy man.

KANDY MAN: I don't see why not.

(THE KANDY MAN
SLAPS ONE OF THE
PIPES, IT MAKES
A BOOMING SOUND)

The secret's in the pipes. Vanilla Secret, in fact. Just when the victim thinks he's been pardoned it flows into the yard and smothers him. Ingenious, isn't it?

THE DOCTOR: It's depraved.

KANDY MAN: We call it the Fondant Surprise!

THE DOCTOR: Can it be stopped once it's in motion?

KANDY MAN: The foam can be diverted down another pipe. But I'm not going to tell you how. Anyway, it's hypothetical question. What reason could I possibly have for stopping an execution?

(THE DOCTOR NOTICES
A BOTTLE OF LEMONADE
ON A SHELF)

THE DOCTOR: Just now, you said
'soft centre'.

KANDY MAN: Did I?

THE DOCTOR: You said 'soft centre'
instead of heart. Exactly what is
your heart made of?

KANDY MAN: Difficult to say. It's
all in there somewhere. Caramel,
sherbet, toffee, marzipan, gelling
agents. But it's all in motion.

THE DOCTOR: A moveable feast, eh?

KANDY MAN: Very droll, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: So you're perfectly
adapted to your environment.

KANDY MAN: Perfectly.

THE DOCTOR: Protected against
everything, in fact, except the
intense heat of the open stove
behind you.

KANDY MAN: What?

THE DOCTOR: I said protected against
everything except the intense heat
of the open stove behind ...

KANDY MAN: Silence!

(THE KANDY MAN
SPINS ROUND.

THE STOVE
IS NOT OPEN
BUT AS HE TURNS
HE KNOCKS THE BOTTLE
OF LEMONADE OFF THE
SHELF, IT BREAKS
OVER THE KANDY MAN'S
FEET AND STICKS THEM
TO THE GROUND)

THE DOCTOR: ... and of course, the
adhesive qualities of carbonated
H2O and citric acid.

(THE KANDY MAN
TRIES TO MOVE
AND CAN'T)

KANDY MAN: Gilbert M!

(THE DOCTOR USING
HIS ESCAPOLOGICAL
SKILLS, WRIGGLES
FREE, EARL GROANS)

THE DOCTOR: Lemonade, to you.
(TO EARL) Come on, the dream's over.
Back to the nightmare.

(THE DOCTOR SLAPS
EARL'S FACE
BRISKLY TO WAKE
HIM UP. HE STEERS
EARL DOWN THE
MANHOLE AND FOLLOWS
HIM. SECONDS LATER
HE COMES BACK UP,
GRABS EARL'S TRUMPET
WHICH HAD BEEN
LEFT ON THE FLOOR,
AND DOFFS HIS HAT
TO THE STUCK DOWN
KANDY MAN)

8. INT. ARCADIA.

(ACE SLIDES
DOWN THE CHUTE
AND LANDS
ROUGHLY ON THE
FLOOR. SHE GETS
UP AND LOOKS AROUND.
SHE SEES A BOOTH
WITH A SIGN READING
'GET YOUR TOKENS HERE').

THERE IS A BELL
ON THE COUNTER,
WHICH SHE RINGS)

ACE: Service!

(PRISCILLA P. A
HAPPINESS PATROL
GUARD, JUMPS UP
FROM BEHIND THE
COUNTER, HER
FUN GUN POINTING
AT ACE)

PRISCILLA P: Serve yourself!

9. INT. PIPES.

(THE PIPE IS DARK
AND DANK. LIQUID
DRIPS FROM THE
CEILING.

THE DOCTOR IS
EXAMINING THE WALLS
AS HE GOES.

EARL FOLLOWS HIM.

THE DOCTOR LICKS
HIS FINGER)

THE DOCTOR: It's a sort of
crystallised sugar. Almost like
a meringue. The walls are covered
with it. I suppose the pipe must
have carried some sort of sugar
solution. What do you think?

EARL: (TASTING IT) No good.
But I've tasted the real thing.

THE DOCTOR: (STILL TASTING) It's
definitely past it's best so we can
assume that nothing's been pumped
down here for quite a while. I
wonder why. So how would you
describe the Kandy Man's confection?

EARL: It was ... it was something
else.

(EARL FINGERS HIS
TRUMPET AS IF
HE'S ABOUT TO
PLAY IT.

THE DOCTOR SUDDENLY
STOPS HIM AND
INSPECTS THE CEILING)

THE DOCTOR: (WHISPERS) Not until we're out of this section.

EARL: (WHISPERS) Why are we whispering?

THE DOCTOR: There's tons of frozen syrup above us. Any sudden noise could cause ...

EARL: An ice fall.

THE DOCTOR: A candy fall.

(AS THEY MOVE ON,
WE SEE THAT THEY
ARE BEING FOLLOWED
BY ONE, THEN TWO,
THEN THREE SMALL
SHADOWY FIGURES)

10. INT. THE KANDY KITCHEN.

(THE KANDY MAN
IS THRASHING
AROUND, STILL
STUCK TO THE
FLOOR.

GILBERT M. COMES
IN WITH A SACK)

KANDY MAN: (FURIOUS) Where have
you been?

GILBERT M. (UNCONCERNED) Ingredients.

KANDY MAN: Leaving me to be
humiliated. You'll suffer for this.

GILBERT M: Whatever you say,
Kandy Man.

KANDY MAN: You'll pay for this.
I'm going to crush you.

GILBERT M: That's it. Scream and
shout. Rant and rave. But remember
Kandy Man, symbiosis. You need me
and I need me.

KANDY MAN: You need you?

GILBERT M: I need me.

KANDY MAN: I need you and you need
you?

GILBERT M: That's what I said. And
just as you squeeze the breath out
of me so your Kandy hand tightens
round your own throat.

11. INT. ARCADIA.

(PRISCILLA P. IS
EXAMINING ACE'S
RUCKSACK. SHE
PUTS IT IN HER
BOOTH AND TRAINS
HER GUN ON ACE,
WHO HAS HER HANDS
ON HER HEAD)

PRISCILLA P: I was in Happiness
Patrol 'B'. We had the night shift,
eleven to seven.

ACE: I'm not interested.

PRISCILLA P: Hunted killjoys mostly.

ACE: Hunted them?

PRISCILLA P: That's when they
usually come out. Depressives,
Manic, reactive, endogenous, we
got the lot.

ACE: What do you mean, "got them"?

PRISCILLA P: Some were taken away,
don't ask me where. The others,
the ones who put up a resistance,
well, they were asking for it,
weren't they?

ACE: (SARCASTIC) You were only
doing your job.

PRISCILLA P: I did a good job.
And then they sent me here. It was
unfair. I knew the streets. I
was a fighter.

ACE: (UNDER HER BREATH) No you weren't. You were a killer.

PRISCILLA P: So here I am.

(THERE IS A NOISE
ABOVE THEM)

ACE: What happens to me now?

PRISCILLA P: (DISTRACTED) Chute.

ACE: (DUCKING DOWN) Shoot?

PRISCILLA P: No! Chute!

(THERE IS A
COMMOTION AS
SUSAN Q. SLIDES
DOWN THE CHUTE
INTO ARCADIA)

ACE: Susan Q!

SUSAN Q: Ace.

(PRISCILLA P. COMES
OUT OF HER BOOTH
AND TRAINS HER
FUN GUN ON SUSAN Q.)

PRISCILLA P: Hello.

12. INT. THE PIPES.

(THE DOCTOR IS
STILL LEADING
EARL GINGERLY
ALONG.)

SUDDENLY HE STOPS
AND EXAMINES THE
GROUND)

THE DOCTOR: Look at this. It's
some kind of print.

EARL: I wonder what sort of
creature lives down here?

(THREE PIPE PEOPLE,
BRANDISHING SPEARS,
AND PICKAXES, BAR
THEIR WAY)

THE DOCTOR: His kind of creature.

13. INT. ARCADIA.

(ACE AND SUSAN Q.
ARE WANDERING
AMONG THE MACHINES.

THEY PASS THE
SITE OF THE
MACHINE THE DOCTOR AND ACE
USED TO ESCAPE
FROM ARCADIA.

A SIGN READS
"REMOVED FOR
RENOVATION")

ACE: So it's all my fault.

SUSAN Q: It would have happened
sooner or later. I'm not Helen A's
idea of good Happiness Patrol material.
She won't shed any tears over me.
Let's face it, no one will. Even
if they wanted to it wouldn't be
allowed.

ACE: But what now?

SUSAN Q: I'll disappear along with
the rest. Just another of
Helen A's victims.

ACE: I won't let it happen. We'll
escape. I'll save you.

SUSAN Q: Don't worry. I'm happy
that it's finally over. It's
funny that, isn't it? It's the
first thing I've been happy about
for ages.

14. INT. PIPES.

(IT IS DANK AND
GLOOMY.

THE DOCTOR AND
EARL ARE CROUCHING
AGAINST THE WALL.
THEY ARE GUARDED
BY ONE OF THE
PIPE PEOPLE HOLDING
A SPEAR AND A
PICKAXE)

EARL: We could make a break for it.
You jump him, grab the poisoned
spear, then all you've got to worry
about is him taking a swing at your
ankles with the pickaxe.

THE DOCTOR: What do you do?

EARL: I run like the clappers.

THE DOCTOR: I don't think so.
Your part's too risky. Any way,
I want to meet them.

EARL: Only trouble is, I can't
keep up with his conversation.

(THE GUARD GESTURES
AT HIM WITH THE
SPEAR)

All right, all right.

THE DOCTOR: Here we are. And
leave the talking to me.

(WULFRIC AND WENCES
APPROACH, THEIR
SPEARS RAISED)

WULFRIC: Stand!

(THE DOCTOR AND
EARL STAND)

Weapons!

(THE DOCTOR
TWIRLS ROUND)

THE DOCTOR: No weapons.

(WULFRIC GESTURES
AT EARL)

WULFRIC: Weapons!

(EARL COPIES
THE DOCTOR.
AS HE TWIRLS
HIS TRUMPET
FALLS TO THE
GROUND)

WENCES: Weapon!

EARL: Easy! It's just my horn!

(EARL PICKS UP
THE TRUMPET AND
PUTS IT TO HIS
LIPS.

THE THREE PIPE
PEOPLE DUCK DOWN,
EXPECTING A MISSILE
TO COME OUT OF
THE END.

EARL PLAYS A
FEW, SLOW, SAD
NOTES.

THE PIPE PEOPLE
RESPOND TO THE
MUSIC, OBVIOUSLY
(MOVED)

WENCES: Wicked!

THE DOCTOR: What did you say?

WENCES: Wicked!

EARL: He's hip for a little guy.

THE DOCTOR: He's been taking
lessons. So you've met my friend
Ace?

EARL: Ace?

(WENCES SHAKES
HIS HEAD)

WENCES: Not Ace.

WULFRIC: Brave girl.

WENCES: Captive.

THE DOCTOR: Brave girl captive.
That sounds like Ace. If only
she'd listen to what I tell her.

WULFRIC: Not Ace.

WENCES: Gordon.

EARL: Gordon?

THE DOCTOR: Gordon?

WENCES: Bennett!

15. INT. HAPPINESS PATROL HEADQUARTERS

(HELEN A. IS
TALKING INTO
A MICROPHONE.

DAISY K. IS
WITH HER)

HELEN A: Happiness will prevail.
Happiness Patrol 'C' please assume
positions for the first stage of a
routine disappearance. And don't
forget, when you smile I want to
see those teeth.

(SHE SWITCHES OFF
THE MICROPHONE
AND TURNS TO
DAISY K.)

I think I'll let you handle this
one. Joseph C's losing his grip
and anyway, Susan Q's a friend of
yours, isn't she?

16. INT. ARCADIA.

(ACE AND SUSAN Q.
ARE PLAYING THE
MACHINES IN A
DESULTORY WAY.

PRISCILLA P. IS
GUARDING THEM
WITH HER FUN GUN)

PRISCILLA P: I took them all on.
Killjoys twice my size. Two at a
time, even three at a time. No one
ever got the better of me.

ACE: I wish she'd give it a rest.

SUSAN Q: (TO PRISCILLA P.)
Only because you had a gun.

PRISCILLA P: Yes, I had a gun,
and unlike some I could name, I
wasn't afraid to use it.

SUSAN Q: You loved using it, didn't
you. Any excuse.

ACE: You know her?

(PRISCILLA P.
MOVES TOWARDS
SUSAN Q. AND
PRESSES THE
FUN GUN AGAINST
HER)

PRISCILLA P: Oh yes, we know each
other. This is Susan Q, friend of
the killjoy, champion of the miserable.
Isn't that right, Susan Q? Well just
don't try it in here or else I might
find another excuse to use my gun.

(TWO HAPPINESS
PATROL GUARDS
SLIDE DOWN THE
CHUTE INTO
ARCADIA)

PRISCILLA P: Time for you to go.

(THE TWO GUARDS
TAKE SUSAN Q.
AWAY)

PRISCILLA P: She was never any good.

ACE: (DEFIANTLY) I liked her.

(PRISCILLA P'S
GAZE IS FIXED
ON A SPOT
BEHIND ACE)

What is it?

(PRISCILLA P.
RAISES HER GUN)

PRISCILLA P: Over there.

(ACE SPINS ROUND,
AND SEES WENCES
IN A MANHOLE.

PRISCILLA P.
FIRES AT HIM
BUT MISSES.

A TINY SPEAR
FLIES TOWARDS
PRISCILLA P.
SHE DODGES IT
AND IT STICKS
IN THE WALL.
BUT WHILE SHE
IS OFF BALANCE
ACE GRABS HER
RUCKSACK AND
KNOCKS PRISCILLA P.
DOWN WITH IT)

WENCES: Ace?

(WENCES DUCKS DOWN
INTO THE MANHOLE)

ACE STARES FOR A
MOMENT, THEN
SCRAMBLES AFTER
HIM)

17. INT. THE PIPE.

(WULFRIC LEADS
THE DOCTOR AND
EARL ALONG THE
PIPE.

WULFRIC STOPS TO
LICK A SUGAR
STALACTITE.

THE DOCTOR BREAKS
A PIECE OFF AND
TASTES IT)

THE DOCTOR: Same as before.
(TO WULFRIC) Where do the pipes
lead?

(THEY CONTINUE
WALKING)

WULFRIC: Beet-domes.

EARL: Beet-domes? Some kind of
drum?

THE DOCTOR: I think he means sugar
beet processing plants.

EARL: Of course. The planet's
covered with them. I saw them
last time I was here.

THE DOCTOR: You didn't tell me
you'd been here before.

EARL: You didn't ask. I did a
tour of the Northern Hemisphere.
Played gigs at all the sugar
factories. Huge places.

THE DOCTOR: Terrible acoustics.

EARL: And terrible conditions for the workers.

THE DOCTOR: All in the name of efficiency.

EARL: Yeah. The Alphans have farmed every square centimetre of the planet. The eco-system has been destroyed, all other life forms were either wiped out or left to scrape a living as best they could.

THE DOCTOR: So that's why you live in the pipes, Wulfric?

(WULFRIC NODS)

WULFRIC: Many dead.

THE DOCTOR: But why didn't you tell me all this before, Earl? All right, I know. I didn't ask. It still doesn't explain why there's no sugar in the pipes now.

EARL: True enough.

THE DOCTOR: So lets find out.

(THE DOCTOR STOPS
AND TAPS THE ROOF.
IT MAKES A METALLIC
CLANG)

Here we are. Seventh manhole on the left. I'll go first.

(HE DOFFS HIS
HAT TO WULFRIC)

Thank you Wulfric. It has been my privilege.

18. EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

(TREVOR SIGMA IS
IN THE STREET WITH
HIS CLIPBOARD.
HE SEES THE MAN-
HOLE COVER MOVING.

THE DOCTOR COMES
UP THROUGH THE
MANHOLE)

TREVOR SIGMA: Name?

THE DOCTOR: I'm the Doctor,
haven't we met?

TREVOR SIGMA: I'm sorry, that's
classified information.

THE DOCTOR: You're Trevor Sigma,
aren't you?

(TREVOR SIGMA
FLIPS OPEN
HIS I.D. CARD)

TREVOR SIGMA: Galactic Census
Bureau. I ask the questions.

THE DOCTOR: You're with the
Galactic Census Bureau?

TREVOR SIGMA: I'm sorry, that's
classified information. Address?

THE DOCTOR: Which one?

TREVOR SIGMA: If you live here I need a town and a street. If you're an alien I need a home planet except when you spend more than half of the working year away, in which case I need a planet of origin.

THE DOCTOR: I'm sorry that's classified information. Name?

TREVOR SIGMA: What?

THE DOCTOR: I ask the questions. Name?

TREVOR SIGMA: Trevor Sigma.

THE DOCTOR: Address?

TREVOR SIGMA: Galactic Centre.

(EARL POPS UP
OUT OF THE
MANHOLE)

EARL: What's going down?

THE DOCTOR: (TO EARL) Questionnaire.
(TO TREVOR) Occupation?

TREVOR SIGMA: Galactic Census Bureau.
Authorised to enter any Alphan
property and interview all Alphans.

(EARL CLIMBS OUT
OF THE MANHOLE)

EARL: I hate questionnaires.

THE DOCTOR: (TO TREVOR) Good.
Take me to their leader.

EARL: I've got places to go,
Doctor, I'll see you.

(EARL WANDERS OFF.
AS HE GOES HE
PLAYS THE SAD
TRUMPET MUSIC)

TREVOR SIGMA: That's nice. Makes
me feel sort of ...

THE DOCTOR: Melancholy.

TREVOR SIGMA: Yes. That's it.
A pleasant melancholy.

19. INT. HELEN A'S SUITE.

(HELEN A. STROKES
FIFI WHILE
DAISY K.
REPORTS TO HER)

HELEN A: I still don't understand how Priscilla P, one of our most enthusiastic happiness crusaders, came to be overpowered by a defenceless girl.

DAISY K: The girl wasn't alone.

HELEN A: Tell me about her companions. We need that sort of spirit in the Happiness Patrol.

DAISY K: The girl was in league with a vermin.

HELEN A: Priscilla P. was defeated by a defenceless girl and a vermin? Is it a joke, Daisy K?

DAISY K: No, ma'am.

HELEN A: Where did this guerilla unit disappear to when it had dealt with Priscilla P.

DAISY K: They went down the pipes.

(FIFI GROWLS)

HELEN A: The pipes. Excellent. Fifi's been eating too many chocolates recently, haven't you, my darling. She could do with a bit of sport.

20. INT. THE PIPE.

(ACE IS HIKING
ALONG THE PIPE
WEARING HER
RUCKSACK.

SHE COMES TO A
JUNCTION. THERE
IS NO-ONE ELSE
AROUND. SHE
STOPS)

ACE: Left or right?

(NOTHING HAPPENS)

I said left or right?

(WENCES EMERGES
FROM THE DEPTHS
OF ACE'S RUCKSACK
AND PEERS OVER
HER SHOULDER)

WENCES: Right!

(ACE TURNS RIGHT)

21. EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

(EARL IS PLAYING
THE BLUES.

SUDDENLY WE HEAR
A SLOW DRUMBEAT.

EARL STOPS PLAYING
AND HIDES.

THE PROTEST MARCH
OF SAD PEOPLE
WEARING BLACK
COMES ROUND THE
CORNER.

EARL WATCHES FOR
A FEW MOMENTS
FROM HIS HIDING
PLACE AND THEN
RUNS OFF)

22. EXT. STREET WITH FIRE ESCAPE. NIGHT.

(A SHABBY BACK
STREET.

WE CAN HEAR THE
DEMONSTRATION IN
THE DISTANCE,
GETTING CLOSER AS
THE SCENE PROGRESSES.

STAN S. AND
SID S., TWO SNIPERS,
ARE ASSEMBLING THEIR
GUNS AT THE TOP OF
A FIRE ESCAPE)

SID S: See the film last night?

STAN S: Dozed through it.

SID S: Enjoy it?

STAN S: OK, I suppose. Apart
from the ending.

SID S: But it had a happy ending.

STAN S: Exactly. I used to enjoy
a good cry at the end of a film.

SID S: Careful. Dangerous talk.

STAN S: But these days they're all
happy endings. You know what's
going to happen before it starts.
Good girl gets the guy, bad girl
gets the drop.

SID S: That moment when Sorella
Sunbeam took out the enemy satellite.
She's a real star, that one.

STAN S: That's another thing.. Why
don't they make films with men in
the leading roles?

SID S: You had a bad night last
night, didn't you?

STAN S: I don't know why I bother
to watch them.

SID S: Something to do.

STAN S: Yeah. Something to do.
Speaking of which, what's on today
then?

(THEY HAVE NOW
ASSEMBLED THEIR
GUNS)

SID S: Drones again. Demonstration.

(THE DEMONSTRATION
COMES ROUND THE
CORNER)

STAN S: Easy pickings.

SID S: Like taking sweets from
a baby.

(THEY READY
THEIR WEAPONS)

23. EXT. SECOND STREET. NIGHT.

(THE DOCTOR
AND TREVOR
SIGMA ARE
WALKING DOWN
THE STREET
HEADING FOR
THE PALACE)

THE DOCTOR: How many happy people
have you found on this planet?

TREVOR SIGMA: The Bureau isn't
concerned with emotions.

THE DOCTOR: Then the Bureau should
go to the Kandy Kitchen.

TREVOR SIGMA: I've been there.
Gilbert M, Kandy Kitchen, naturalised
Alphan, confectioner and general
factotum.

THE DOCTOR: I wasn't thinking of him.

TREVOR SIGMA: You must mean the
Kandy Man, Kandy Kitchen, humanoid
marshmallow mutant, confectioner and
state executioner.

THE DOCTOR: You didn't find that
strange, a little bit sinister.

TREVOR SIGMA: He's a statistic.

(EARL COMES INTO
THE STREET)

EARL: (CALLING) Doctor!

TREVOR SIGMA: Who's that?

THE DOCTOR: Just another statistic.
Hello Earl.

(EARL JOINS THEM)

EARL: There's a demonstration.

THE DOCTOR: Who are they?

EARL: They're from the sugar factories.
It seems to be about conditions.

THE DOCTOR: So the killjoys are out
in force.

EARL: What shall I do?

THE DOCTOR: Talk to them. Find out
exactly what they are protesting
about. I've got some business at
the Palace and then I'll come and
find you.

EARL: How will you know where I am?

THE DOCTOR: The brandy of the damned,
of course.

EARL: What?

THE DOCTOR: Music, Earl. Play your
trumpet for me.

24. INT. PIPE.

(ACE MAKING
HER WAY ALONG
THE PIPE WITH
WENCES PEERING
OUT OF HER
RUCKSACK)

25. EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

(A SMALL GROUP
OF HAPPINESS
PATROL GUARDS
STANDING ABOVE
A CLOSED MANHOLE.

ONE OF THEM HOLDS
A SMALL BOX, LIKE
A CAT BOX.

THEY OPEN THE
MANHOLE. OPEN
THE DOOR OF
THE CAT BOX.

WE SEE FIFI IN
THE BOX SNARLING)

26. INT. HELEN A'S SUITE.

(HELEN A. IS
ALONE.

SHE IS LEAFING
THROUGH A BOOK
RATHER LIKE A
BABY BOOK OR
PHOTOGRAPH
ALBUM. IT
CONTAINS
PHOTOGRAPHS OF
FIFI.

AS JOSEPH C. ENTERS
SHE SNAPS IT SHUT
AND HIDES IT BESIDE
THE CUSHION IN
THE CHAIR.

JOSEPH C. USHERS
IN TREVOR SIGMA
AND THE DOCTOR)

JOSEPH C: It's Trevor Sigma, dear,
and, er ...

HELEN A: Trevor Sigma! Delighted
to see you again.

(TO THE DOCTOR)

I don't think I've had the pleasure.

THE DOCTOR: (SMOOTHLY) It's no
pleasure, I assure you.

HELEN A: How kind.

JOSEPH C: Are you with the Bureau as well?

THE DOCTOR: I'm sorry, that's classified information. (TO HELEN A.) I understand you're responsible for this planet?

HELEN A: We do our best.

THE DOCTOR: And is it a happy planet?

HELEN A: I think you'll find everyone on Terra Alpha is very happy.

THE DOCTOR: Some people on Terra Alpha are very hard to find.

HELEN A: Then I'm sure Trevor will sniff them out for you, won't you, Trevor?

THE DOCTOR: (CUTTING IN) I'm sorry. He can't answer that.

HELEN A: (IGNORING HIM) I'm glad you're here, Trevor. I wanted to tell you that I've adopted the Bureau's recommendations on population control.

THE DOCTOR: Which were?

HELEN A: To control it.

TREVOR SIGMA: Not my department.

HELEN A: We've controlled the population down by a quarter.

THE DOCTOR: I'm sure you have.

HELEN A: Overcrowding has been quite eliminated.

JOSEPH C: No more queues at the Post Office.

THE DOCTOR: And you used the Bureau's programme?

HELEN A: Not quite. I found that my own programme was more effective.

(A BLEEPER GOES
OFF SOMEWHERE
ON HELEN A'S
PERSON)

Do excuse me, gentlemen. Joseph C. will look after you.

(HELEN A. LEAVES.

JOSEPH C. GOES
TO THE SIDEBOARD
TO GET DRINKS.

TREVOR JOINS HIM.

THE DOCTOR SETTLES
IN HELEN A.'S
SEAT. IT'S
UNCOMFORTABLE
AND WHEN HE
INVESTIGATES,
HE FINDS HELEN A.'S
BOOK OF FIFTY
PHOTOGRAPHS.

HE FLICKS THROUGH
IT)

JOSEPH C: I say, Trevor, do we have to go through with this Census business again. Things haven't changed much since you were last there.

THE DOCTOR: Haven't they?

TREVOR SIGMA: Full planetary Census every six local cycles. It's the rules.

JOSEPH C: Couldn't you ...

THE DOCTOR: No he couldn't.

JOSEPH C: Very well. A quick lemonade and then I'll show you the floral clock. How about, er (INDICATES DOCTOR) is he coming?

THE DOCTOR: He can't, I'm afraid. Prior engagement.

(THE DOCTOR GETS
UP AND HEADS
FOR THE DOOR TO
THE HAPPINESS
PATROL HEADQUARTERS)

TREVOR SIGMA: Where are you going?

THE DOCTOR: Remember, Trevor. I ask the questions.

(THE DOCTOR GOES
OUT)

27. INT. HAPPINESS PATROL HEADQUARTERS.

(HELEN A. IS
SITTING AT THE
CONSOLE. ON
THE MONITOR THERE
IS A PICTURE
OF THE EMPTY
EXECUTION YARD,
DECORATED FOR AN
EXECUTION.

HELEN A. SPEAKS
INTO THE MICROPHONE)

HELEN A: Routine disappearance number
five hundred thousand and five.
Calling Happiness Patrol Section C.
The preparations are now complete.
Stand by to escort Killjoy to
Execution Yard. Happiness will prevail.

(UNSEEN BY
HELEN A. THE
DOCTOR HAS
SLIPPED IN)

THE DOCTOR: Population control?

(HELEN A. SPINS
ROUND)

HELEN A: Look. Who are you?

THE DOCTOR: I'm sorry. I'm not at
liberty to say. And which member of
the population are you controlling
today? Just for the record.

HELEN A: A woman who disappointed me.

THE DOCTOR: And how did she disappoint you? No, let me guess. She enjoyed the feel of rain on her face. Or perhaps her favourite season was Autumn.

HELEN A: You talk too much. Whoever you are.

(SHE QUIETLY
PRESSES A
HIDDEN ALARM
BUTTON)

THE DOCTOR: Is that a question?

HELEN A: No.

THE DOCTOR: Good. I'm the Doctor.

(HE DOFFS HIS
HAT AND LEAVES.

HELEN A. JABS
THE ALARM BUTTON
SAVAGELY AGAIN.

THE DOCTOR POPS
BACK IN)

Still no joy? I should get that seen to.

(THE DOCTOR GRABS
A SMALL (WATER)
FIRE EXTINGUISHER
OFF A WALL BRACKET
AND DASHES OUT WITH
IT, JUST AS THE
FIRST HAPPINESS
PATROL GUARD
APPEARS SLIDING
DOWN THE POLE)

28. INT. HELEN A.'S SUITE.

(JOSEPH C. AND
TREVOR SIGMA
STANDING AT THE
SIDEBOARD.

JOSEPH C. HOLDS
A SODA-TYPE
DRINKS SYPHON)

JOSEPH C: A touch more lemonade?

(THE DOCTOR RUNS
IN. GRABS THE
SYPHON)

THE DOCTOR: Thank you.

(HE RUNS OUT
THROUGH THE
OTHER DOOR)

JOSEPH C: Strange chap.

(HAPPINESS PATROL
GUARDS BURST
IN, IN PURSUIT
OF THE DOCTOR)

29. INT. HAPPINESS PATROL HEADQUARTERS.

(HELEN A. AT THE
CONSOLE.

HAPPINESS PATROL
GUARDS COMING
DOWN THE POLE)

HELEN A: Find the Killjoy and put
him out of his misery. Seal the
Palace. No more visitors. I don't
want this unhappy incident repeated.

30. INT. THE PIPE.

(ACE IS WALKING
DOWN THE PIPE.

WENCES, IN THE
RUCKSACK, IS
PEERING OVER
HER SHOULDER.

THEY HEAR A
SOFT GROWLING
SOUND IN THE
TUNNEL)

ACE: What was that?

(THEY LOOK AROUND,
WENCES SEES A
MOVEMENT IN THE
SHADOWS)

WENCES: There!

ACE: Where?

(WENCES IS
TERRIFIED)

WENCES: Run!

(ACE RUNS DOWN
THE PIPE, WITH
THE FRIGHTENED
WENCES STILL
IN THE RUCKSACK.

AS ACE RUNS THE
SOFT GROWLING
GETS LOUDER AND
LOUDER, AND MORE
MENACING.

THERE IS
MOVEMENT IN THE
SHADOWS BEHIND
ACE AND WENCES.

ACE REACHES A
DEAD END)

ACE: Which way?

WENCES: Trapped.

(A MUCH LOUDER
ROAR AS FIFI
LURCHES TOWARDS
THEM FROM OUT
OF THE SHADOWS)

ACE: Gordon Bennett!

(FIFI PACES BACK
AND FORTH IN
FRONT OF HER
PREY, FORCING
ACE INTO A
TIGHTER CORNER)

I don't think she's being friendly
this time, either.

(WENCES IS
TERRIFIED AS
FIFI ADVANCES
ON THEM)

The nitro! Get me the can out of
the rucksack.

WENCES: Eh?

ACE: The can! In the bottom of
the rucksack. And get it now.

(WENCES DIVES
INTO THE RUCKSACK.

FIFI IS CHOOSING
HER MOMENT FOR
THE KILL.

WENCES POPS UP
WITH THE CAN AND
GIVES IT TO ACE)

WENCES: Here!

ACE: Right. Now, get down!

(FIFI POUNCES AS
ACE THROWS THE
CAN.

THERE IS A HUGE
EXPLOSION)

31. EXT. STREET NEXT TO FORUM. NIGHT.

(THE STAGE DOORMAN,
ERNEST P., IS IN
HIS BOOTH.

THE DOCTOR IS
HIDING IN THE
ALCOVE BESIDE HIM).

ERNEST P: You want the main entrance,
mate. Into the Forum Square, up the
steps, can't miss it.

THE DOCTOR: I'm hiding.

ERNEST P: You need a permit to hide
here.

THE DOCTOR: It's in my other jacket.

ERNEST P: And where's that?

THE DOCTOR: It's in my other jacket.

ERNEST P: Listen mate. Authorised
personnel and Happiness Patrol
candidates only. That's what the
memo said.

THE DOCTOR: This is where they test
the Happiness Patrol candidates?
(cont ...)

(A GROUP OF
HAPPINESS PATROL
GUARDS RUN PAST.

THE DOCTOR
DUCKS OUT
OF SIGHT UNTIL
THEY'RE GONE.

HE POPS OUT
AGAIN)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) Some of the
successful applicants.

ERNEST P: Some of the few.

32. INT. THE KANDY KITCHEN.

(THE KANDY MAN
IS STILL STUCK
TO THE FLOOR.

HE LASHES OUT
AT GILBERT M.
WHO IS WALKING
ROUND HIM,
STAYING JUST
OUT OF HIS REACH)

KANDY MAN: What's happening to me?
Help me!

GILBERT M: It's quite simple. Created
out of glucose-based substances as you
are, your joints need constant movement
to avoid any form of coagulation.

KANDY MAN: What do you mean?

GILBERT M: You're turning into a
slab of toffee. I saw this problem
at the planning stage. And then I
realised what the solution was.

KANDY MAN: (ROARING) And what was
that?

GILBERT M: I've forgotten.

KANDY MAN: You've forgotten!

GILBERT M: But I made a note.

KANDY MAN: Luckily for you.

GILBERT M: But I lost it.

33. EXT. BLUESY STREET. NIGHT.

(EARL IS PLAYING
SAD MUSIC.

THE DOCTOR
APPROACHES HIM
WITH THE FIRE
EXTINGUISHER AND
SYPHON)

THE DOCTOR: (OVER THE MUSIC) What
did you find out?

(EARL STOPS PLAYING)

EARL: Doctor!

THE DOCTOR: No time for formalities.

EARL: They're striking over Happiness
Patrol murders.

THE DOCTOR: How long have they been
striking?

EARL: Four weeks.

THE DOCTOR: No sugar in the pipes
for four weeks. That explains why
Wulfric and the Pipe People are
starving. I'll come and talk to them.

EARL: It's too dangerous. They're
pinned down by a couple of snipers.

THE DOCTOR: I've got to go that way
to get to the Kandy Kitchen.

EARL: (HORRIFIED) The Kandy Kitchen!

THE DOCTOR: Don't worry, I'll deal
with the snipers first.

(THE DOCTOR PATS
HIM ON THE SHOULDER)

34. INT. THE PIPE.

(ACE IS RUNNING
FAST ALONG THE
PIPE.

WENCES IS PEERING
OVER HER SHOULDER
FROM THE RUCKSACK)

WENCES: No!

ACE: What are you moaning about
now?

WENCES: Voompip!

ACE: Voompip?

WENCES: Thompip!

ACE: Thompip?

WENCES: Boompip!

ACE: Boompip!

(ACE SLIPS AND
THEY FALL INTO
THE DOOMPIPE, USED FOR
THE KANDY MAN'S
EXECUTIONS)

WENCES: Doompipe!

ACE: Doompipe! Why didn't you tell me?

(WENCES AND ACE
CONTINUE SLIDING
DOWN THE DOOMPIPE)

35. EXT. THE TOP OF THE FIRE ESCAPE. NIGHT.

(SID S. AND STAN S.
ARE PEERING DOWN THE
SIGHTS OF THEIR
WEAPONS)

STAN S: See anything?

SID S: They've all gone to ground.

(THEY LOWER
THEIR FUN GUNS)

STAN S: I don't mind. Good luck
to them.

SID S: I'm worried about you, Stan.
Wait a minute though. There's one
of them.

(WE LOOK DOWN
AND SEE THE DOCTOR
RUNNING ACROSS THE
STREET WITH THE
FIRE EXTINGUISHER
AND SYPHON)

I think he's making a gloriously
futile gesture.

(HE RAISES HIS
GUN)

All right. I'll get him. I always
feel better with one under my belt.

(STAN S. KNOCKS
SID S.'S GUN .
ASIDE)

STAN S: Wait! He's not a drone.

SID S: You're turning into a right
killjoy, aren't you. I'm going to
have to report you.

(THE DOCTOR HAS
REACHED THE BOTTOM,
OF THE FIRE ESCAPE
AND IS NOW CLAMBERING
UP.

SID S. AND STAN S.
CONTINUE TO FIGHT
OVER THE GUN.

SID S. BREAKS FREE
AND AIMS AT THE DOCTOR)

Come to Momma, killjoy!

(THE DOCTOR HALTS
IN MIDSTRIDE)

THE DOCTOR: Sorella Sunbeam.

(SID S. AND STAN S.
EXCHANGE A PUZZLED
LOOK)

SID S: What?

THE DOCTOR: "Come to Momma". Sorella
Sunbeam in that film where she takes
out the enemy satellite.

(SID LOWERS
THE GUN)

SID S: It was great wasn't it?

THE DOCTOR: Yes, I like a nice happy ending myself.

STAN S: (TO SID) Who is this guy?

THE DOCTOR: A happy ending where the old buddies who've fallen out realise they need each other after all and shake hands on it. (PAUSE)
Go ahead ...

(SID S. AND STAN S.
SHAKE HANDS.

THE DOCTOR TAKES
THEIR GUNS)

And they decide they don't want anything more to do with guns.

(HE THROWS THE
GUNS OVER THE
SIDE OF THE FIRE
ESCAPE)

And finally they say goodbye to the mysterious stranger.

(HE DOFFS
HIS HAT)

Goodbye.

(HE GOES)

36. EXT. EXECUTION YARD. NIGHT.

(THE EXECUTION YARD
IS DECORATED AS IF
FOR A PARTY.

SUSAN Q. IS STANDING
UNDER THE HUGE
PIPE DOMINATING
THE YARD, WITH THE
FUN GUNS OF THREE
HAPPINESS PATROL
AIMED AT HER.

DAISY K. IS
READING A DOCUMENT.
SHE PUTS ON A BRIGHTLY
COLOURED CAP)

DAISY K: And so you are sentenced
to the severest penalty decreed by
Helen A.

SUSAN Q: I'm glad.

DAISY K: I'm happy you're glad.
Patrol dismissed!

37. INT. HAPPINESS PATROL HEADQUARTERS.

(HELEN A. IS
WATCHING THE SCENE
IN THE EXECUTION YARD
ON A MONITOR.

SHE SEES THE
FIRING SQUAD
SHOULDER THEIR
RIFLES AND MARCH
OUT OF THE YARD)

HELEN A: Excellent! The Fondant
Surprise.

(SHE PREESES A
BUTTON ON THE
CONSOLE. SHE
POPS A SWEET INTO
HER MOUTH AND SETTLES
BACK TO WATCH)

38. INT. THE KANDY KITCHEN.

(THE KANDY MAN
IS STILL STUCK
TO THE FLOOR)

GILBERT M: It's something to do
with the density of sugar.

(ON A NEARBY SHELF
A LIGHT IN A SKULL
STARTS FLASHING
AND A SHORT FANFARE
PLAYS)

We seem to have an execution. Shall
I oblige since you're bogged down?

KANDY MAN: Just get me unstuck!

(GILBERT M. TURNS
A SMALL METAL
WHEEL.

THE PIPES CLANK
AND CREAK AS THE
ELABORATE MENCHANISM
OF THE FONDANT
SURPRISE BEGINS TO
WORK)

39. INT. THE PIPES.

(ACE AND WENCES
ARE CLAMBERING DOWN,
SLIDING AND SLIPPING.

FAR BEHIND THEY
HEARD GUGGLING NOISES
AND THE PIPES SHAKING
AS THE FOAM BEGINS
ITS JOURNEY.

ACE REALISES THEY
HAVE VERY LITTLE
TIME AND HURRIES ON)

40. INT. THE KANDY KITCHEN.

(THE DOCTOR RUSHES
IN WITH THE
FIRE EXTINGUISHER
AND THE LEMONADE
SYPHON.

HE SETS THE
SYPHON ASIDE)

THE DOCTOR: Don't let the Happiness
Patrol catch you looking like that,
Kandy Man. Come on, let's have a
smile.

KANDY MAN: Unstick me!

THE DOCTOR: I'll unstick you if
you divert the flow!

(THE KANDY MAN
GRINDS HIS TEETH,
THINKING IT OVER)

KANDY MAN: It's a deal.

(THE DOCTOR SQUIRTS
WATER FROM THE
FIRE EXTINGUISHER
OVER THE KANDY MAN'S
FEET, FREEING
THEM FROM THE
FLOOR.

GILBERT M. EXAMINES
THE FIRE EXTINGUISHER)

GILBERT M.: Of course! I remember
now. Water! Now, where are my notes?

(GILBERT M.
RUSHES OUT.

THE KANDY MAN
PULLS ON A GIANT
LEVER)

41. INT. THE PIPES.

(ACE IS IN SIGHT
OF THE END OF THE
PIPE. SHE IS
DESPERATELY
STRUGGLING DOWN AS
THE SOUND OF THE
FOAM CRESCENDOS
BEHIND HER)

42. INT. HAPPINESS PATROL HEADQUARTERS.

(HELEN A. IS WATCHING
THE MONITOR PICTURE
OF THE EXECUTION
YARD.

DAISY K. AND
SUSAN Q. ARE STILL
STANDING THERE.

NOTHING IS HAPPENING)

HELEN A: Come on. Come on!

(JOSEPH C. USHERS
TREVOR SIGMA
INTO THE ROOM)

JOSEPH C: (WHISPERING) It's Trevor,
dear. He has a few questions for
you.

HELEN A: Not now.

43. EXT. THE EXECUTION YARD. NIGHT.

(DAISY K. AND SUSAN Q.
AS BEFORE. A GREAT
RUSHING NOISE FROM
THE PIPE.

SUDDENLY ACE DIVES
OUT OF THE END OF
THE PIPE ONTO
SUSAN Q. KNOCKING
HER AND DAISY K.
ASIDE.

WENCES TUMBLES OUT
OF THE RUCKSACK AND
SLIPS DOWN A MANHOLE)

ACE: Get down!

44. INT. THE KANDY KITCHEN.

(THE KANDY MAN
PUSHES THE FINAL
LEVER TO ABORT
THE FLOW OF THE
FONDANT SURPRISE)

45. EXT. EXECUTION YARD.

(ACE AND SUSAN Q.
ARE HUDDLING TOGETHER
TO PROTECT THEMSELVES
AND WAIT FOR THE
FOAM TO GUSH OUT
OF THE PIPE.

SUDDENLY THE
GREAT RUSHING NOISE
SUBSIDES AND
THERE IS A GURGLE.

A SMALL TRICKLE
OF FOAM COMES OUT
OF THE PIPE.

DAISY K. TURNS HER
FUN GUN ON ACE AND
SUSAN Q.)

46. INT. HAPPINESS PATROL HEADQUARTERS.

(HELEN A. IS
WATCHING ON THE
MONITOR.

JOSEPH C. AND
TREVOR SIGMA STAND
BEHIND HER)

HELEN A: They'll suffer for this.
And only when they're screaming to
go back under the pipe will I oblige.

TREVOR SIGMA: No

HELEN A: What?

TREVOR SIGMA: You can't.

HELEN A: What do you mean?

TREVOR SIGMA: Constitutional rules
of the system. When the mechanics
of an execution malfunction then
the afore-mentioned execution may
not be repeated.

JOSEPH C: I say. What a nuisance.

HELEN A: So they are now protected
from the Fondant Surprise.

TREVOR SIGMA: Rules of the system.

(HELEN A. RISES
AND APPROACHES
TREVOR)

HELEN A: (DANGEROUSLY) The rules
of the system?

TREVOR SIGMA: Which further go on
to say that an alternative execution
may be substituted.

HELEN A: Fine. The Forum.

47. INT. THE KANDY KITCHEN.

(THE KANDY MAN
IS JUST FINISHING
REDIRECTING THE
FLOW.

HE TURNS BACK
TO THE DOCTOR)

KANDY MAN: So you trusted me, then,
Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: But of course.

KANDY MAN: Very wise, too. I am
A Kandy Man of my word. But now our
bargain is over it's time to kill
you.

(THE KANDY MAN
ADVANCES ON
THE DOCTOR)

THE DOCTOR: Oh dear. I was afraid
you might say that. Ah well, here
we go again.

(THE DOCTOR LIFTS
HIS LEMONADE SYPHON
AND SPRAYS IT OVER
THE FEET OF THE
KANDY MAN, WHO IS
STUCK DOWN
AGAIN)

KANDY MAN: No! Gilbert! Gilbert!

(THE DOCTOR DOFFS
HIS HAT AND LEAVES)

48. INT. HAPPINESS PATROL HEADQUARTERS.

(HELEN A. IS
INTERVIEWING ACE
AND SUSAN Q. WHO
IS GUARDED BY DAISY K.

JOSEPH C. STANDS
TO ONE SIDE)

HELEN A: I was lucky enough to see
your double act today. I hated it.
But you were lucky too.

ACE: I'm not frightened of you.
You or your pet ferret.

HELEN A: And so you'll be giving
your performance again, for the very
last time, at the forum tonight.

ACE: I'm nobody's performing dog.
Not yours, not nobody's.

HELEN A: That, Ace Sigma, is just
where you're wrong. Joseph!

(JOSEPH C. RUSHES
FORWARD WITH A BIG
OLD-FASHIONED CAMERA
WITH A LARGE FLASH-
BULB)

JOSEPH C: A big smile, now, ladies!

(ACE AND SUSAN Q.
GRIMACE AT THE
CAMERA.

THE FLASHBULB FLASHES)

49. INT. THE PIPE.

(WULFRIC IS CROUCHED
IN THE PIPE WITH
THE OTHER PIPE
PEOPLE.

A NOISE ALERTS
THEM AND THEY
RAISE THEIR
SPEARS.

WENCES LIMPS OUT
OF THE SHADOWS.

WULFRIC LOWERS HIS
SPEAR.

AS THEY MOVE OFF
DOWN THE PIPE
HE SEES THAT A
BEDRAGGLED FIFI
HAS BEEN WATCHING
THEM FROM THE
SHADOWS.

FIFI FOLLOWS THEM)

50. EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

(EARL IS PLAYING
THE BLUES WITH
A HAT AT HIS FEET.

ANOTHER HAT FLIES
THROUGH THE AIR
AND LANDS NEXT TO
EARL'S.

IT'S THE DOCTOR'S.

THE DOCTOR WALKS
OVER AND PICKS
UP BOTH HATS.

AS HE JOINS EARL,
A MAN IN OVERALLS
ARRIVES AND SILENTLY
BEGINS PUTTING UP
A POSTER ON THE WALL
BEHIND THEM.

THE DOCTOR INSPECTS
EARL'S HAT. THERE'S
NO MONEY IN IT)

EARL: It's been a quiet night.

THE DOCTOR: It's been busy for me.

EARL: So what now?

THE DOCTOR: I've lost my friend,
Ace ... (cont ...)

(THE POSTER HAS
NOW BEEN OPENED ON
THE WALL BEHIND THEM,
REVEALING A CLOSE UP
PHOTOGRAPH OF ACE,
A CANDID SHOT RATHER
THAN A GLAMOUR POSE.

IN FACT IT IS
JOSEPH C.'S PHOTOGRAPH;
AND THE WORDS
"TONIGHT AT THE FORUM".

THE DOCTOR TURNS
AND TAKES THIS
IN)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) Only I think
I know where I can find her.

(THE DOCTOR RUSHES
OFF FOLLOWED BY
EARL)

51. EXT. SECOND STREET. NIGHT.

(DAISY K. AND A
DETACHMENT OF
HAPPINESS PATROL
GUARDS MARCHING
ACE AND SUSAN Q.
TOWARDS THE FORUM)

52. EXT. STREET. NEXT TO FORUM. NIGHT.

(THE DOCTOR AND
EARL RUSH UP TO
ERNEST P.'S BOOTH)

THE DOCTOR: When's the show?

ERNEST P: In five minutes. You'll
catch it if you're quick.

THE DOCTOR: Five minutes! So why
are the posters only going up now?

ERNEST P: They're just for the show.
We always have a full house because
attendance is compulsory.

THE DOCTOR: You mean you've got
a captive audience.

53. EXT. FORUM SQUARE. NIGHT.

(FURTHER ALONG THE
STREET A SMALL
QUEUE ARE WAITING
TO GO INTO THE
FORUM, GUARDED BY
THE HAPPINESS PATROL.

AT THE DOOR A MAN
AND WOMAN ARE STOPPED
BY PRISCILLA P.
WITH TWO HAPPINESS
PATROL ASSISTANTS)

PRISCILLA P: What's the definition
of a polygon?

(THE MAN AND
WOMAN LOOK
BLANK)

A dead parrot!

(THE COUPLE LAUGH
UPROARIOUSLY)

They're OK.

(THE COUPLE ARE
USHERED INSIDE BY
THE HAPPINESS PATROL.

ANOTHER COUPLE TAKE
THEIR PLACE AT
THE HEAD OF THE
QUEUE)

What's the definition of a polygon?
(cont ...)

(THE COUPLE
LOOK BLANK)

PRISCILLA P: (cont) A plane figure
contained by more than four sides.

(THE COUPLE
LAUGH UPROARIOUSLY)

They're faking. Take them away.

(THE COUPLE ARE
CARTED OFF BY THE
HAPPINESS PATROL)

54. EXT. STREET NEXT TO FORUM. NIGHT.

(THE DOCTOR AND
EARL AT THE STAGE
DOOR WITH ERNEST P)

THE DOCTOR: (TO EARL) Go back to
the demonstrators and bring them
to the Forum.

EARL: What if they don't want to
come?

THE DOCTOR: You'll find a way.
I'll meet you here.

(EARL LEAVES.

THE DOCTOR GOES
TO ERNEST P)

I need to know if one of tonight's
artistes is in the Forum yet.

ERNEST P: I'll just have a look
at my list.

THE DOCTOR: She's called Ace.

ERNEST P: I can't do anything until
I find my list, now, can I? I put
it down here somewhere. (cont ...)

(THREE HAPPINESS
PATROL GUARDS
COME OUT OF THE
STAGE DOOR HAULING
A BODY BAG)

ERNEST P: (cont) Oh dear. Doesn't look as if Daphne S. went down too well, does it.

(TWO OF THE GUARDS
DUMP THE BODY
BAG INTO A SKIP
WHILE THE THIRD
IS APPLYING
PINK PAINT TO
OBLITERATE A
POSTER.

IT IS ONE OF A
LONG LINE OF PINKED-
OUT POSTERS.

SHE WRITES "R.I.P." ON
IT.

THE ONLY REMAINING
POSTER HAS THE
PHOTOGRAPH OF
ACE ON IT)

55. EXT. SECOND STREET. NIGHT.

(ACE AND SUSAN Q.
BEING FROGMARCHED
BY DAISY K.
AND THE HAPPINESS
PATROL)

DAISY K: Big smiles, girls. Showtime
soon.

FADE OUT